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MY FELLOW-LODGERS.

WHEN Tompkins takes an apartment *au quatrième*, the reason he assigns for so doing is, 'It's so airy, you know.' When the ground-floor back is honoured by his superior presence, it is because 'It's so quiet, you know.' I am bound to put faith in these reasons of Tompkins's. I have no cause to question Tompkins's veracity; but when I hear him holding forth in that style, I heave a sigh, and say to myself: 'Oh, that these were *my* only motives for dwelling in elevated and out-of-the-way regions.'

For me—and I say it without winking—the reason why I am living on the ground-floor back at this present moment is, that that same apartment is cheaper than any other in the house, and consequently more in accordance with the state of my finances. As for air or noise, I have not any particular aversion to them, nor, in fact, to anything that costs nothing. Though I am subjected to great annoyances and indignities on the ground-floor, yet I am in some measure compensated by being well posted up in everything that is going on in the house; to say nothing of events that take place exterior to these premises. Besides, I am well informed of many things that never take place at all. The door of my room is a thin door, and it opens on to the entrance-hall, which I regret to say is only of moderate proportions. Owing to these defects, although I stuff my ears with cotton-wool, and wax as hard of hearing as a curious person possibly can, yet I am obliged to know all that is going forward, for most of the business of this house is transacted in the hall.

I also gain a considerable smattering of foreign languages. My landlady is a wild Irishwoman; and it is a singular fact, that a large proportion of the lodgers who pass a longer or shorter period of their earthly probation in this caravansary are foreigners. I do not know how to account for this remarkable phenomenon, except by supposing that the Messieurs, the Herren, the Signiors, the Misters, &c. who undergo the question in these parts imagine that my wild Irish friend and enemy is a

foreigner too. Considering the way in which she gesticulates and shrieks, and especially the manner in which she handles the Queen's English, I should say the young men from abroad are justified in that belief.

The Irish portion of the community being acquainted with the fact that I have the gift of tongues in a limited degree, sometimes desire my services as translator. For instance, a few weeks since, as I was sitting in my den carefully pondering how I might 'eat my cake and have it,' or, in other words, satisfy my landlady's unreasonable demands and yet retain my money, I was startled from my reverie by sounds from without, as of the tearing of hair, howls of Erin, and revelations from Babel. Presently, my privacy was invaded by an irruption of a Monsieur, fresh from his native land, and a Madame who was born in Ireland, and whose name is Malone, but who, I am assured, on unquestionable authority, is not an Irishwoman, O dear, no!

'Divil sich a feller iver I seen; sure, the man hasn't common sense; he doesn't know how to speak his own language; sure, I shout loud enough,' says the female party to the argument; and I am not able to deny the truth of her proposition.

Hereupon, Monsieur lifts his hands and eyes with vehemence, and makes demonstrations which lead me to believe that he is about to claw all the hair off my fair Hibernian's head; but he relieves my feelings, and apparently his own too, by turning his polite attentions to his own pate, which appendage is preserved from sudden and premature baldness by the fact that the scrub, although thickly planted, is not of sufficiently long growth to afford a hold. After this paroxysm, Monsieur becomes calm in a moment. Turning to me, he says, with the utmost politeness: 'Pardonnez moi — mais — vill Monsieur — excusez — l'appartement que Madame' —

Hearing which, Madame, irruptive, breaks the thread of his discourse. 'There! didn't I tell you? What's this he's saying? Wait, now, till I see. Sure, I told him he could have the back attic for five shillings, and him to give a week's notice,

including boot-claning, plate, linen, and attendance; and it's him goes into a faver: but all them dirty foreigners is alike; sure, they're no better than fools. Tell him, Mr Tyndrum, ah! tell him now; sure you know."

Accordingly, to the best of my ability, I translate Mrs Malone's Irish into a kind of French, and Monsieur's German-French into English. You would have thought Monsieur and I were quarrelling. Had you seen us, you would have been reminded of that passage in *Gil Blas* wherein it is related how the hero used to lie in wait at the corners of streets to argue with the passers-by. But all would not do; for Monsieur and I, finding that speech failed us, were ultimately driven to convey our sentiments to each other in writing. After much correspondence, Monsieur composed a quatrain, which concluded the performance. It has been done into British by an eminent hand, and is presented herewith:

I do not want anything.
I go on high to my apartment.
I go to occupy myself at writing.
I hope you are well.

When delivered of this, he seemed greatly relieved. From that moment, he was a new man; he was all suavity, politeness, amiability. I was in bodily fear of being hugged, or maltreated in other respects. At length, I got rid of him and his proprietress. She departed to occult territories in the bowels of the earth; and he was bowed out of my apartment, and up to his own refuge under the tiles, with such ceremony as is rarely witnessed in this benighted land.

This occurred weeks ago. Now, I am a bosom-friend of Monsieur's; that is, I speak to him when I meet him coming in or going out of the house. He tells me of his unparalleled voyage from a neighbouring country. He lies down for to make to shew me how his legs, for the space of some hours, were more elevated than his head; which may perhaps account for an appearance about him not altogether foreign to persons about to fall into an apoplexy. He tells me how the vines on his farm grow in long rows, 'more high as that;' and how he has been rob since he is here. He cannot tell me whence he comes, nor whither he is going; nor does he seem to have clear ideas as to his native land. He knows he was born on the banks of the Rhine, but on which side of the river is not so manifest. Therefore, whether he is a Monsieur or a Herr is yet a mystery to him and to me.

I am sorry to say that, latterly, he has taken to himself several other Monsieurs worse than himself, who are in and out at all hours of the day and night, who sing and bawl, and smoke and jabber, and run up and down stairs, to the ineffable molestation of an august party, who resides temporarily—from choice, and by no means from pecuniary necessity, mark me—on the ground-floor back.

Monsieur's health is at times indifferent. On going out a few days since, I was grieved to learn from my landlady that he was confined to his bed from illness. When I returned at night, what was my astonishment to find a jovial red-faced youth, with his hands in his trousers pockets, prowling up and down the hall, and singing in the most gleesome and outrageous manner. Almost before I could congratulate him on his sudden recovery,

he informed me, with many warm and affectionate pressings of the hand, that he was 'very better; me sicked, and was much well.'

I hear that Monsieur is annoyed by headaches, which he attributes to eating beef; whereas he would prefer to live on pudding, which, he informs me, is almost his sole diet when at home. I conceive there must be some mistake here; for I do not think it possible that so stout, robust, apoplectic, broad, and red-faced a Monsieur could be made out of pudding. Although the beef arrangements of the metropolitan restaurants disagree with his idiosyncrasy, in other respects they meet with Monsieur's entire approbation. Thus he discourseth to me: 'In Londone here, if I say "beef," I am pairshwade it is beef; if I say "mutton," I am pairshwade it is mutton; *mais en Paris*, if I say *ragoût*—it is cats, it is rats, it is dogs—it is not ragoût—it is horse!' Thereafter ensue many homilies on food, especially as regards what to eat, drink, and avoid in Paris. But I pay little attention to the preacher, for I have reason to suspect that he preaches one thing and practises another. I am not overstating the case when I say that nearly every evening, when Monsieur returns from promenading himself, he walks straight to the head of the stairs which lead to the infernal regions (that is, the kitchen), and bawls out in his jerky, robust manner, somewhat after this fashion: 'Maer, Maer' (his nearest approach to 'Mary'), 'make me two eggs—soft; and some sosage; and a pound of shop; and some ham; and some coffee—not too fat. And make haaste, for I am ongree.'

It happens now and then that my friend, without the slightest preliminary notice, inflates his chest, shakes his head, and apostrophises creation in a series of loud roars. This he calls singing. It is a truly alarming performance. I am sorry to say he is not the only person in the house who creates a disturbance; for one day this same Monsieur came down stairs in a great hurry: his face was white, and his hair more stubbly than ordinary: he was but just able to ejaculate: 'Come up, come up, Mees Malone. I tell you some man has sick: he vill die. Come, come.'

'Mees' having observed that little aberrations of intellect are not entirely unknown among foreigners (and I may also add among natives), remarked incredulously: 'Pooh, pooh! What's this he's saying? Sure, he must be mad.'

But Monsieur was not mad, and stuck to his story in a sonorous whisper. 'I shall go myself if it was not dat he is woman. She say Oh! Ugh! Ow! She die. Come, see.'

'Go, Mary, to pacify the man, and see what's the matter. I expect it's that Bombazine saying her prayers. Sure, she knows how to holler. She's been at it before, the horrible woman. It's her prayed Snorval out of the house. Sure, she might know no decent person could abide it.'

When the circumstances of the case were explained to Monsieur by the principal dragoman (honorary) to this establishment, he waxed wroth; his countenance became as a thunder-cloud. When he could find utterance he broke out fiercely: 'Den I vill pray! I vill say Oh! Ow! Oo-o-o-o! if dat is pray. I shall make noise too.'

Is it possible that the enormous beam in his own eye—his singing—could have escaped his observation?

As a general rule, the inhabitants of the first

floor are the best conducted and most respectable in the house. But occasionally we have a black-sheep even there. Some time since, a large man, who looked a little like a gentleman, and a good deal like a savage, took the first floor at a low rent. He said he was an American and a doctor. On being cross-questioned, he intimated that the Southern States owned his allegiance; his heart, head, and soul being in Dixie, whilst his body, for the present, preferred to abide in England. (My experience of this youth occurred during the American War.) After he had been here a week or two, he gave it out that he was a colonel. 'Him a cornel!' said my discriminating proprietress; 'sure it's a spy he is. It's him looks like a cornel indeed!' One day, an unsophisticated youth made inquiry of our tigrass as to whether there was a Colonel Fuddlebrain lived here. 'O dear, no. Sure we've no such person. There's a man named Fuddlebrain up-stairs, but he's no cornel; sure any one could tell that.' The learned doctor and colonel bore himself tolerably well on the whole, until about the termination of the fourth week of his tenancy, when he committed three breaches of decorum in one day, to wit: He invested in whisky the moneys with which he ought to have settled his lodging account; he converted the drawing-room into a kind of smithy, wherein he made bullets, to assist his Southern brethren in the propagation of virtue; and he slew my landlady's cat with a blue pill. This last was the only unpardonable offence, for the lady in question has a great affection for cats, though she affects nothing else. Her 'dear lovvy' had been so ill as to require her to sit up with it many nights. Fearing it might die, she called in Dr Fuddlebrain, who insured its dissolution with a blue pill. He likewise dissolved himself shortly after; for the exasperated Mrs Malone fell on to him like an infuriated sheep, and bundled him out neck and crop, with many epithets unfitted for Sunday wear.

A lodging-house is an epitome of the world. All kinds of characters are to be found in it, who submit with different degrees of grace to the evils attendant on being owned by a female ever on the rampage. There are few landladies who do not look upon a lodger as a mere machine, out of which as much money as possible is to be extracted by force. Some lodgers demur to the application of the screw; such are Scotchmen, 'durtly foreigners,' and young men from the country. Others look to be fleeced, and expect nothing more or less; and if they are not the subjects of extortion, they are dissatisfied and despondent accordingly. One promising specimen, who lived in an exalted position in life (I allude to the attic), so moved his landlady's commiseration by his palpable impecuniosity, that she actually gave him a piece of string, and did not charge a half-penny for it in his bill, and in many ways the practice of robbery was mitigated in his behalf, inasmuch that he fell into a low way, and was obliged to consult a medical man. The doctor advised him to go into the country for a time, and suggested Brighton as a suitable place. In a fortnight, he came back perfectly cured: the peculiarities of that queen of watering-places exactly suited his complaint.

'The sex' generally make very bad lodgers. They will not stand the filth and imposition that men will. They absolutely refuse to eat off smeared plates, with forks the tines of which are clogged

with dirt. They insist on the windows being cleaned at least twice a year. They object to go to bed with more than three pins and a needle for bedfellows. If they are accidentally bitten in the night, they go about all day publicly scratching themselves, and making odious remarks. Besides, they have children, and are not 'engaged in the City during the day.' For these and other reasons, many politic landladies only take in 'single gentlemen.'

Continental gentlemen are bad to lodge. To smoke in bed; to expectorate, and drop cigar-ashes all over the room; to lie on the sofa with dirty boots; to read by candle-light in bed; to make a pocket-handkerchief of anything that comes in the way, are accomplishments possessed by most foreigners.

I am so profound an observer, and I have had so much experience, by reason of the thinness of my door, that I feel justified in giving an opinion as to the relative eligibility of various kinds of persons as lodgers. I place them in their order of merit—the best, first; the second-best, next; and so on. 1. A policeman. A member of the Stock Exchange. 2. A Bohemian of any kind (if he pays). A Yankee from the New England States. A betting-man (especially a 'bookmaker'). 3. A stoker or engine-driver (if not employed on night-duty). A lawyer. An office clerk. 4. A member of parliament. A Quaker. 5. A bill-broker. 6. A man-cook. 7. A Jew, or Jewess. Any person with a parrot. A foreigner. 8. Any professional persons (*artists* is, I believe, the correct word), as dancing-masters, actors, singers, riding-habit makers, corn-extractors, regimental chaplains, professed trousers-cutters, and musicians. 9. Any kind of female. 10. A Scotchman. I have had the honour to reside under the same roof with many of the above ladies and gentlemen, to say nothing of several samples of humanity not mentioned here. It will easily be believed that nearly all are very comical people. But of all the curious fellow-lodgers with whom a man may temporarily dwell on his passage through this droll world, he will invariably find the most curious is his landlady.

GWENDOLINE'S HARVEST.

CHAPTER IX. — SIR GUY AND GWENDOLINE.

NOTHING could be quieter or more demure than Sir Guy's aspect as he walked slowly, and with that slightly balancing air which advanced age, in combination with high-heeled boots, is apt to produce, towards his daughter and her little playmate. Nothing less like an indignant father bent upon strong measures with his disobedient offspring could be imagined than that unruffled though not unwrinkled face, with a sort of peach-bloom upon the cheeks, of which himself and his man Adolphe alone knew the secret. Partly as typifying the careless gaiety of his disposition, and partly because he was conscious that in that trembling of his fingers lay his weak point, it was his custom to keep at least one hand in his pocket; the other, when abroad, was generally provided with a clouded cane, which steadied while it seemed to adorn his movements. A closer observer of human nature than she who was now watching him in secret with all her eyes, might have gathered from the unnecessary force with which his cane was

brought down on the gravel at every step, that he who carried it was not at ease in his mind; but to Susan, the baronet looked the beau-ideal of sleekness and prosperity, and her mind flew instantly for comfort to the end of the green bay tree, and of him who was dressed in purple and fine linen every day.

To her intense chagrin, the baronet addressed his daughter in that outlandish tongue to which she had so often thanked Heaven that she was a stranger, but which she would for once have given one of her own sharp ears to comprehend.

'There is no occasion for so much prudence, papa,' was Gwendoline's reply in English. 'This is too small a pitcher to carry a long ear; and since I know that you are going to scold me, it is better to use the language that is made for scolding. Let us keep our French for enjoyment, I do beg.'

Gwendoline's face was calm and even smiling, and she playfully pushed little Marion's ball before her with her foot as she spoke, and bade the child run after it.

'You had a letter from Piers Mostyn this morning, Gwendoline?'

'Yes, papa. I have just been reading it.'

'And yet you told me that you had broken with him altogether, and forbidden him to correspond with you.'

'And so I did,' said she; 'but all people have not the talent for obedience that your daughter possesses. He has written to me, as you say; and after all, there is no such great harm done.'

'You don't know that,' returned the baronet sharply. 'What I saw, others may have seen; and he may write some day when there may be sharper eyes upon the look-out than there are at Glen Druid. It is greatly against a girl, in some men's view, that she should keep up a correspondence of this sort.'

'It takes two to make a correspondence, papa—as it does a quarrel.' She spoke the last words with great deliberation, and confronted her father face to face. 'I have never written to Piers, and I do not intend to write to him. I told him that I should not do so, and I always keep my word.'

'Then it's a piece of impertinence on Mr Mostyn's part to pester you in this manner, and I shall let him know that that is my opinion. Whom is the fellow sponging upon? for I noticed that the letter had a Yorkshire postmark, and his brother's place is not in Yorkshire.'

'He is staying with his cousin, Lord Carruthers, at Stonegate, and has been there for a week or so; just as we are staying here with the Ferriers, who are not our cousins.'

'Pooh, pooh! there is no parallel in the two cases at all, and you know that as well as I do. This Piers Mostyn has not a roof to his head, nor a shilling that he can call his own to buy him a night's lodging. He can be only welcome at Stonegate to take the bores off his lordship's hands, or to turn over the leaves of his young wife's music-book.'

'Well, I would not write to him to tell him that, if I were you—or anything else. You can quite safely leave him to me, papa. When you last spoke to me upon this matter, your unreserve and frankness were so complete that it was quite impossible to misunderstand you. I am sensible of the state of my own affairs; and I daresay

almost as much interested in them as you are yourself.'

'This letter did not look as if such was the case, Gwendoline; that's all I meant to say,' remarked Sir Guy in mollified tones. 'You're a very clever girl, I know; but all women are fools when a young fellow like Mostyn pretends to be in love with them. I don't deny the vagabond his good gifts—far from it. If he had ten thousand a year, and would pass his word to give up whist, you should marry him to-morrow. But without wishing to hurt your feelings, my dear, and allowing him to have good taste in his *tendresse* for yourself, Gwendoline, Piers is a born fool. I have watched his play at the Portarlinton, and no man, no matter what his fortune or his luck, could stand his ground for long with such ideas as he has. A man who finesses with king, ten— But, there! you know nothing of what I'm talking about. What I want you to understand is this: that time is money with a girl in your position more than in anything, and that here at Glen Druid (I wish you would send that confounded child away) you are losing your time.'

'Not altogether, papa, I think,' said Gwendoline quietly.—'The ball is at my feet; and see, my darling Marion, I am going to send it for you farther than ever;' and off toddled the small creature, leaving her seniors to converse alone together as before.

'Well, not altogether, I grant,' said Sir Guy gravely. 'It is always well to gain a foothold with people like the Ferriers. If the worst comes to the worst, you will always have a home here, I presume: you have made friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness, and they can scarcely have a more pleasant habitation to offer one than Glen Druid.'

Susan Ramsay in her place of espial lifted up hand and eye aghast at this idea; to hear her excellent master spoken of in that manner, and this Satan in polished leather boots applying Scripture to his own ends!

'Yes, the Ferriers are stanch friends, papa, I assure you; but I fancy you have found *that* out already for yourself.'

'Not at all, not at all, my dear,' answered Sir Guy with a wave of his cane. 'It is true I have had a little "business transaction" with our friend and host, in which he shewed a liberal spirit. But he got his *quid pro quo*, good moorland, for his money: all between the sky and the central fire is his, my dear; and who knows but that there may be copper and tin beneath that unpromising-looking turf, enough to repay him ten times over.'

'I am glad it was quite a business transaction,' remarked Gwendoline coldly. 'I was afraid you might be laying yourself and me under some sense of obligation.'

'Not a bit, my dear Gwendoline,' said the baronet, striking his chest theatrically, which, being much padded, only emitted a dull thud: 'the obligation, if any, lies on the other side. There are few Scotchmen, and, for the matter of that, few English, I thank Heaven, but like to be on intimate terms with any one who has a handle to his name. Talk of the lever—there is no power in this charming country to be compared with that of the *handle*; if one only possess, in addition, a few ancestors (and you may dig bushels of yours and mine out of the Bedivere vaults), it is quite surprising how

marketable the property comes to be.' And Sir Guy Treherne gave a patronising smile upon sea and sky, as though they too might be not insensible of his affability, and rattled the sovereigns in his unaccustomed pocket. 'But after all, my dear Gwendoline,' resumed he gravely, 'the affair you hint at was a small thing; a mere retaining fee in respect of that interest which I hope I shall never cease to feel in your private affairs, and not to be mentioned in the same breath with them. Moreover, the moor is gone, and I have nothing more to sell. What I have, therefore, to urge upon you now is the urgent necessity of your leaving Cornwall, and coming up at once to town; for it is not here, as I have hinted to you, but only in London, that you can expect to meet with a suitable *parti*.'

'Now I wonder what the wicked old wretch can mean by *that*?' thought Susan Ramsay.

'Of course,' returned Gwendoline coldly; "'that goes without saying.'"

'Well, I want you to go without saying—that is, without saying anything to the contrary,' said the baronet peevishly. 'I detest argument and bother, and I know so very much better what is good for you than you do yourself. You will get no good by being here any longer. You can't hide yourself away from the world of fashion for an indefinite time, and then come out again like a *débutante*, and carry all before you, as you did last year. If you do not hold the position that you have once secured for yourself, another, believe me, will step into your place, whom it may be difficult to oust.'

'You speak of the belle of the season as if she were a crossing-sweeper, papa,' said Gwendoline with a quiet smile.

'Never mind the homeliness of the metaphor, my dear; the fact is exactly as I have stated it. You must cease playing nursery-maid to that little brat yonder, and sick-nurse to Mrs Ferrier, and return with me to town next week.'

'I cannot leave Glen Druid so abruptly, papa,' answered Gwendoline gravely; 'but I promise you I shall remain with Mrs Ferrier not much longer, though I don't know exactly how long, or short, the time may be.'

'Why, I heard you, and I must say to my amazement, making plans with her only yesterday for accompanying her in the spring to Rome.'

Gwendoline looked cautiously about her, and once more sent her easily pleased little playmate for a long run after her eisyphean toy. Susan, keeping her body well concealed, craned forward eagerly, so as to lose no word of the coming communication, the importance of which shewed itself even in Miss Treherne's calm and composed face.

'Mrs Ferrier will never see Rome,' said Gwendoline in low but distinct tones; 'she will never set foot again on her native soil.'

'Good heavens!' ejaculated Sir Guy with genuine horror; for the idea of death, even when it did not concern himself, was obnoxious to him as vulgarity itself. 'You don't mean to say she is going to die! Pooh! it don't kill every woman to have a baby, although it killed your poor dear mother: a beautiful delicate creature she was—quite unfit for that sort of thing. Mrs Ferrier, to be sure, does not seem very strong, but—'

'She is a doomed woman,' interrupted Gwendoline solemnly. 'Nobody knows it but Dr Gisborne and myself. But so it is: when the baby is born, she will die—that is quite certain.'

'Why, bless my soul, then it might happen any day!' ejaculated Sir Guy, reflecting instantly how very disagreeable the occurrence of an incident of that kind under the same roof with him would be, and deciding in his own mind to receive a letter the next morning which should require his presence in Pall Mall at once.

'Yes, it might happen any day; and it must happen within a month or so,' said Gwendoline coldly.

'It does not seem to disturb you much,' observed Sir Guy involuntarily, for he was really staggered at his daughter's *sang-froid*.

'No, papa; I am not easily disturbed by other people's misfortunes,' returned she. 'I have my own affairs to look to; and as you have so often told me, one's own affairs, even when they are little ones, are of more interest than the great ones of other people. Besides, if I cannot credit your excellent training with the whole of my philosophy, I am accustomed to the idea of what is about to happen: I have known the truth for many weeks. When I have taken my friend's feverish hand, and kissed her hectic cheek at morn and eve, I have often said to myself: Shall I ever do this again? or when I next touch them, will they be cold and dead?'

'What a dreadful notion!' exclaimed the baronet, with a movement of disgust. 'I am sure I am sincerely sorry for the poor woman, and grieved, for my friend Ferrier's sake. I know what it is to lose a wife myself. But, as I cannot possibly be of any use here, and, in fact, should be very much in the way—Should I not, Gwendoline, eh, now?'

'Certainly, papa, you would be of no use here in case anything happened to Giulia; and I think you would be quite right to leave Glen Druid.'

'You do, do you? Well, that is quite my view. If I could be of any possible service—but then I can't; now you—would you be prepared to go with me, Gwendoline, in case any important business should make it necessary for me to leave to-morrow—or how?'

'I shall stay here, papa,' said Gwendoline firmly, 'till all is over.'

'Now, there you are right again, my dear. I like to see women behave kindly and friendly towards one another—it's a thousand pities they don't always do it. Yes, yes; you'll stay; and there will be no necessity for my coming down again here to fetch you, will there? If the railway had got here, it would be different; but posting comes so devilish expensive, don't you see?'

'I understand the situation exactly, papa; and the other situation also about which we spoke at first. Believe me, I am quite prepared for the inconveniences to which I must necessarily be subjected by remaining here; and I do not wish you to share them. All I ask is, that you keep what I have told you a profound secret—that is absolutely necessary for more than one reason.'

'My dear Gwendoline, I will be silent as the gra—I mean, as the Warrior's Helm yonder; you may depend upon me for that, since I never speak upon such disagreeable matters at all. I am almost sorry that you mentioned the thing; and yet anything is better than to have had it happen while I was—Dear me, and Dr Gisborne came yesterday without my sleeping-pills: I don't know what I shall do to-night without my pills.'

'Some one shall be sent at once to St Medards for them,' said Gwendoline quietly.—'And now, Marion, my darling, I think we must go in, for dear mamma will be expecting us.'

And so the old man, and the young girl and the child, went up the steps together, and by the arbour—from which but a few minutes before the hidden listener had fled, with pallid cheeks and beating heart—and found Mr Ferrier himself at the front-door, who asked, in cheerful tones, whether Miss Gwendoline did not think it would 'do' for Giulia to take a drive that morning, while the sunshine lasted, since, in his opinion, there was 'nothing like fresh air for setting a lady up when she was a little ailing.'

CHAPTER X.—PLAIN SPEAKING, AND ITS RESULTS.

We have said that Susan Ramsay was by nature reticent, except when she allowed herself the pleasure of conversing upon the topic of Mr Samuel Barland; but she had also the gift of preaching, or, at all events, of reproving evil-doers in ministerial language, in quite a remarkable degree, and enjoyed the exercise of it exceedingly. It was therefore with the utmost difficulty that she restrained herself for four-and-twenty hours from giving a piece of her mind to Miss Gwendoline Treherne respecting the wicked duplicity of her conduct with regard to her poor mistress. But although she felt moved to this so strongly, and her conscience even reproached her with some cowardice as she thought of the injunction 'to reprove, rebuke, in season and out of season,' prudential reasons restrained a while her righteous indignation. It was advisable, in the first place, to wait until her two enemies were reduced to one, which happened at noon on the next day, by the departure of Sir Guy—a step necessitated by a summons to town of the last importance, which had arrived by that morning's post. Her master, and even her mistress, accompanied the baronet to the hall steps; and she saw from an upper window the hypocritical old wretch take the latter's hand, and raising it to his lips, express a hope that the next time he had the pleasure of seeing her, she might be quite well and strong; then he kissed his daughter's cheek, and bade her take the greatest care of their dear hostess, or he should never forgive her; and then there was a long warm leave-taking with shrewd, but unsuspicious Mr Ferrier—the Mammon of unrighteousness, as he had called him—which Susan, who 'could not abide such falseness,' had not the patience to see out, but drew her head in, and shook it menacingly at wickedness in high places generally, with a particular reference to the Trehernes of Bedivere.

But even now that Sir Guy was gone, no opportunity offered itself for some hours for the deliverance of Susan's testimony against his daughter, since her good sense told her that that must be done without a witness. Miss Treherne was far too self-contained a foe to be attacked with mere vehemence and indignation before a third party, with whom one dexterous but quiet parry might seem to put the assailant in the wrong; so she waited with quick beating heart and ire suppressed throughout that day, even until her mistress had retired to her boudoir preparatory to going to bed. Thither, as often happened while Susan ministered unto her, came Gwendoline, also in her dressing-gown, to

have a cosy chat with her dear Giulia; and this was, of all that had happened that day, the severest trial to the justly indignant waiting-maid; for the conversation of the pair, to which she had perforce to listen, turned upon their plans and projects for that coming spring, which the one was so well aware that the other would never see. To hear her poor mistress talk with such gaiety and fervour of her native land, and of how she was certain she should be quite herself again if once she could breathe its warm blue air, was sad and pitiful enough; but when she came (as she did) to take such thought of that bright future as to picture the fair scenes they would visit in company, a grave slow voice interrupted her suddenly: 'Boast not thyself of to-morrow, dear mistress, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.'

'What does she mean—what does this woman mean?' asked Mrs Ferrier, looking with frightened face at Gwendoline.—'Why do you interrupt me, Susan, with such dreadful words?'

'It is only her Scotch way,' said Gwendoline in Italian. 'These puritans cannot resist the temptation to quote a text, and especially when it tends to turn one's happy thoughts into melancholy. It is nothing more, darling: do not mind her.'

Susan did not speak again; she did not, of course, know what Gwendoline had said to her mistress, but the use of the foreign tongue was a humiliation to her (as it always is to those who do not understand it when it is understood by others), and she felt that her imprudence had already put her at a disadvantage. She would be silent henceforth, if she had to hold her tongue with her teeth. But no further ordeal had to be undergone. Her late remark, brief as it had been, had shaken the nerves of her fragile mistress, and indisposed her for further talk.

'I am going to bed,' said she with childish peevishness; 'and I have no further need of you, Susan, to-night. If you have anything else to say that is unpleasant to listen to, keep it till I feel a little stronger, please.—Good-night, Gwendoline, dear. How I love you, and wish everybody else was like you in this cold, harsh England; then, perhaps, I could bear to live in it.' With a lingering, loving embrace she took leave of her friend, and retired to her own room, which was at the end of a little corridor, and not, as usual, immediately next the boudoir.

Susan, though sincerely attached to her mistress, was not one whose feelings were easily 'hurt'; but the indignation within her did not lessen to see herself in such disfavour, and Gwendoline held in such affection. It almost seemed to her, as she now looked at her beautiful foe, that she must be a witch such as the Scriptures spoke of, who, by her magical charms, could steal even human hearts, though it was clear enough, by the expression of the waiting-maid's face, that they had not stolen hers.

'Your mistress has left these flowers behind her,' observed Gwendoline; 'I know she meant to take them with her.' For such was Giulia's passionate love for flowers that a bouquet of them always stood opposite her dressing-table glass, so that she could see them double—flower and reflection, from her pillow. It was not a healthy practice, for flowers absorb the air, but 'What did it signify,' Dr Gisborne said, 'since they pleased the poor doomed lady.'

'Stop a moment, Miss Treherne,' said the waiting-maid firmly, as Gwendoline took up the vase and was about to follow Mrs Ferrier; 'I have got a word or two to say to you.'

So far as Susan's news went—the information that she knew of her mistress's state of health, and also that Gwendoline was aware of it—her face had already betrayed it to her shrewd adversary.

'You are irritated, Susan,' said she smoothly, 'because Mrs Ferrier loves me, and chooses to shew it; but it is foolish to be angry with me for what I cannot help. Nor must you be annoyed with your mistress for her sharp words, for, indeed, she is far from well, and when she speaks so, it is not from harshness, but from inward pain.'

This half avowal of the true state of the case was not only adapted to weaken the force of the accusation she foresaw was coming, but the long sentence also gave her time, while she was framing it, to consider how the charge could possibly have arisen. The idea, however, that her conversation with Sir Guy upon the terrace on the previous morning had been overheard, did not occur to her.

'Oh, I am not annoyed with my poor mistress, madam; and I know now, *as well as you have known all along*, how much she suffers, and what the end of it all needs must be.'

'Then you should be more careful, my good Susan, not to distress her with ill-timed remarks, such as the one to which you gave utterance just now. Rest and ease are all that are to be hoped for in her case, Dr Gisborne says, and we should do our best to give them to her.'

'That is a very wicked way of talking,' retorted Susan, though not without consciousness that the remark was by no means equal to the occasion. It was unintelligible, even to her, *how* the wind had been taken out of her sails; but here they were flapping idly against the mast, and the whole vessel of her wrath well-nigh becalmed. She had feared for the very force of the hurricane of indignation upon which she expected to be borne, and lo! it was now a matter of difficulty to her to be indignant enough. She seemed, indeed, to have been herself in fault, rather than the other, who thus talked of Mrs Ferrier's desperate condition as though it were a thing well known, and treated by all with delicate consideration. 'A very wicked way, I say,' reiterated Susan, 'of talking, and of acting too, Miss Treherne. It is all very well for Dr Gisborne, who has only the body in view; but have we not all our responsibilities as regards one another's immortal souls? If the grave were the end of us, your conduct might perhaps be excusable. Is it the part of a Christian woman—for I suppose you do call yourself that—and one who pretends to be her friend too, to let a poor doomed creature sink and sink, without even so much as knowing of her danger, into what may (for all we know) be the bottomless pit? Think of the weeks she has spent in frivolous pleasures—how you, knowing what you did, could share in them, far less propose them, I can't think; but God is your judge, not me—when they might have been passed in preparing herself, as well as she could, poor ignorant soul, for *Death*. How could you do it, Miss Treherne?—how *dared* you do it? And to see you look so calm, and smile so sweet, when my dear mistress talks of getting well and strong.'

'No doctor is infallible; and who knows but

that she will get well,' interrupted Gwendoline in firm unruffled tones.

'You know it!' exclaimed Susan, raising her voice and hand in protest against such atrocious hypocrisy. 'You and your father know it, if no one else! To hear him wish her good-bye this morning, and say: "We shall soon meet again, you know"—as I heard him say—sent quite a chill through me. Yet even he is not so false, and not so cruel, as were you just now. To lead her on, poor soul! to dream such dreams as never, never could be realised—to flatter her with prospects of blue skies, when long before the time comes that she pictures, she will be lying in the cold dark tomb, and as likely as not with her dead babe beside her'—

'Hush, fool!' cried Gwendoline imperiously; but the warning came too late. At the half-opened door stood the very subject of their talk, with her large eyes glaring out of their deep sockets, and her thin face damp with the dews of terror. She had come back almost at once for her vase of flowers, and overheard the whole of their discourse. Doomed woman as she was, she looked far worse than doomed—half-dead already—as, leaning against the door-way, she gazed from one to the other in an agony of speechless fear. The next moment she uttered a long wailing shriek (it seemed to Susan like the despairing cry of a lost soul), and before either Gwendoline or the waiting-maid could prevent her, fell heavily upon the floor.

That frightful cry aroused the house; Mr Ferrier himself rushed up-stairs, only to find his wife unconscious of his presence. They had placed her in her bed, where she lay in stupor, staring vacantly at the flowers which Gwendoline had not forgotten to put in their usual place. It flashed through the latter's mind that it might not be yet too late to conceal the peril of Mrs Ferrier's condition from her husband, and that even she herself might be persuaded, when she came to consciousness, to believe that all she had overheard was but the product of her own disordered fancy. Might not Susan, whose intemperate zeal had certainly caused the mischief, be disposed, from fear of the consequences to herself, to accede to this course of proceeding? But a look at the waiting-maid's set face convinced Gwendoline that she could not count upon her as an ally, and therefore she at once decided upon treating her as a foe.

When Mr Ferrier, with Giulia's cold unanswering fingers clasped in his, inquired hoarsely how all this had happened, Gwendoline pointed quietly to the waiting-maid, and said: 'That woman's folly has wrought it all. She meant no harm (I will say that for her even now); but she was so imprudent as to express her belief that Mrs Ferrier would not survive the birth of her babe, within her hearing; and Heaven grant that her prophecy may not have brought with it its own fulfilment!'

'Is this true, woman?' asked Mr Ferrier hoarsely—not that he had the least doubt of Gwendoline's word, but because the love of justice, which was very strong in him, mechanically suggested the inquiry.

'Yes, master, it is true, in a sense,' said poor Susan; 'but'—

'Leave this room, where you have done mischief enough, woman!' returned Mr Ferrier imperatively; 'and never set foot in it again.'

Loving fears for her mistress, and pity for her

master, were filling Susan's honest heart: the sight of them before her faithful eyes—the one in a swoon, from which she might never awake; the other, haggard and sorrow-stricken, and looking already five years older since he had entered the room—overcame her utterly, and for the present swept from her mind all thought of combat with her foe, and even of self-justification. 'O sir,' said she with passionate earnestness, 'your dear wife is a dying woman; if I have unknowingly done her harm, forgive me, for it was for her poor soul's sake. For God's sake, speak to her of that, if in His mercy He again should give her ears to hear!'

'I think she had better leave the room, Mr Ferrier,' said Gwendoline, with a significant look towards his wife, into whose eyes consciousness was evidently slowly returning.

'If she does not, I will put her out by the shoulders,' exclaimed Mr Ferrier angrily.—'Go, mischievous tattler, and never again shall you see the mistress whom you have so injured!'

'God forgive you, master, as I do!' said Susan meekly, 'and keep you,' added she, with a steady look at Gwendoline, 'from all designers and deceivers! I have done my duty here in *His* sight, if not in yours.'

But Mr Ferrier heeded not her words; he only knew that she had obeyed his bidding and left the room. His thoughts were solely occupied with the fragile form that lay before him gasping painfully, but now returning the pressure of his fingers sensibly enough. Gwendoline guessed by her frightened eyes that she was holding fast to him for protection from that shadowy Pursuer, from whom there is no safety in the centre of an armed host; and even her husband was stricken with a vague dread that such was the case. 'Let Dr Gisborne be sent for instantly,' whispered he.

'That was done at once,' said Gwendoline quietly. 'I heard the messenger gallop off five minutes ago.'

'You think of everything,' said Mr Ferrier gratefully.

And indeed Gwendoline was thinking of a good many things just then: how she should excuse herself, when the time for explanation should come, for not having told him of his wife's condition—how she should excuse herself to Giulia. But mainly she was endeavouring to recall her yesterday's interview with her father, to which Susan's reference to Sir Guy had shewn she had been a witness. What had she said about Piers? and how far, if at all, had she compromised herself with respect to Mr Ferrier? Some expression she surely must have used in connection with him; or what did Susan mean by '*designers and deceivers*'? But perhaps, after all, that was only a random shaft of the waiting-maid's, loosed from the string of her tongue, in Parthian fashion, as she fled the battle.

In the meantime, her friend and hostess was agitated by far other apprehensions. Plots and plans, her simple, child-like mind had never entertained; but now it had done for ever even with its harmless schemes of pleasure.

'Why do you look so frightened, dear Giulia?' inquired her husband tenderly. 'There is no one here but me and your friend Gwendoline. What ails you, darling?'

'Death! Death!' was the passionate reply that burst from her fevered lips. 'It is Death I fear! It is Death I feel! They have deceived me: I

shall never see Italy—never, never! I shall be lying, as Susan said, "in the cold dark tomb" instead, with my dead babe lying beside me!'

Gwendoline smiled compassionately: unutterable pity and sorrow seemed to overcome her endeavours to look cheerful. 'Susan was very wrong and very foolish, dear Giulia,' said she: 'we must not take everything an ignorant woman says for gospel.'

'Gospel, gospel!' murmured the sick woman; 'that is what she is always talking about. O dear, O dear! Let a priest be sent for at once, Bruce—a priest of my own faith.'

It would have been difficult in every sense to gratify the unhappy Giulia's desire, for in the first place there was no Catholic priest within a score of miles; and in the second, she had no faith of her own, to call such, of any kind. Her father's religion, composed at best half of Superstition, half of Art, the poor girl had imbibed from him at second-hand; but her early marriage and removal to England had erased its impressions from her mind, on which, as on a palimpsest, the creed of her husband, or rather of Susan, had been since as vaguely inscribed. Her soul was shaken by Calvinistic terrors, while her thin hand was mechanically making the sign of the cross upon her bosom, and her tongue reiterating: 'Send for a priest, Bruce—send for a priest.'

'Dr Gisborne has been sent for, darling,' said Gwendoline softly; and instantly a ray of comfort shone upon that troubled face.

'Thanks, thanks!' she murmured. 'He is good as well as wise; he is a priest and a physician in one; and perhaps, since he is so clever, perhaps he may save me even still.'

ENGLISH PANTOMIME.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

RICH lived to see his hobby firmly established as a recognised form of dramatic entertainment at both Drury Lane and Covent Garden. The first named, it is true, did for a few years discard it in favour of Spectacle, but ultimately found it advisable to return to pantomime, which became a settled Christmas merriment. The patentees could claim no monopoly regarding it; but they were so jealous of any infraction of their privileges by the lesser theatres, that a criminal action was laid against Delpini, for taking the liberty of crying out 'Roast beef!' when playing Clown at the Royalty. Time wrought considerable changes with pantomime, the Siamese-twin-like double plot, with which it was originally complicated, was abandoned, leaving it little more than a long harlequinade, prefaced by one or two scenes devoted to the magical creation of Harlequin. How small a portion of the piece consisted of the 'opening,' may be seen by a sketch for a pantomime by John Philip Kemble. He proposed to open with three Saxon witches, lamenting their subjection to Merlin, and performing an incantation to raise a Harlequin capable of counteracting the seer's designs against King Arthur. 'If the Saxons come on in a dreadful storm, as they proceeded in their rites the sky might brighten, and a rainbow sweep across

the horizon, which, when the ceremonies are completed, should contract itself from either end, and form the figure of Harlequin in the heavens.' Here Kemble's invention deserted him, for he abruptly concludes: 'The wizards may fetch him down as they will, and the sooner he is set to work the better.' So in Dibdin's *Harlequin in his Element*, the hero is produced from a bed of tulips in the first scene, makes the acquaintance of Columbine, his courtship being interrupted by the arrival of her guardian, Sir Amorous Sordid, and his valet, Gaby Grin, who torment the lovers through a variety of scenes, until all are reconciled in the Temple of the Elements.

A more notable alteration still was the change in the respective importance of the rôles of Harlequin and Clown. We are not sure that the latter had any place in the first pantomime, although, when *Harlequin Sorcerer* was revived, it had its

Harlequino, Columbine,
Pantaloon and Pantalina,
And the Clown with antic grin.

If Clown was one of the characters, it was a very insignificant one. 'I have often wondered,' says a writer, 'at the good humour of the town, that they can bear to see night after night so elegant an entertainment with only one performer in it of real reputation.' Harlequin was originally the general lover, the mischief-maker, the thief, the practical joker, from whom all the fun emanated. Clown was an attendant upon the Old Man, or Pantaloon; but his presence was not a necessity. In 1764, Grimaldi the elder played Harlequin in a clownless pantomime at Sadler's Wells; and in the Drury Lane pantomime of the same year, the characters were Harlequin, Pantaloon, Columbine, Silvio, Puck, and Queen Mab; even in *Harlequin in his Element*, produced in 1808, there is no Clown so called, although the part of Gaby Grin was probably played as such.

Pantomimic records are so very meagre, that we have found it impossible to ascertain when or how the change came about. We suspect it originated in the degeneration of Lun's successors, who, gradually sinking from bad to worse, retained at last only certain traditional postures of their great predecessors, until Harlequin became a mere attitudiniser, vacillating between five positions, doing nothing else but passing instantaneously from one to the other, making the part a mere mechanical performance, worthy only of a marionnette, with no touch of humour about it. 'Harlequin the hero?' says Dibdin's Patch; 'bless your unpractised head! Harlequin! no. Who thinks of Harlequin, while there's a chimpanzee, a bear, a reindeer, a cat, or a goose to be got?' And when Liston is asked, in *Harlequin Hoax*, to play the part, he answers: 'I have been too long on the stage not to know that Harlequin is the worst part in a pantomime—a thing of shreds and patches, without a single point to get applause, except when he jumps, and that is always done by somebody else!' As the degenerate

representatives of 'light of heels' dropped his characteristics, they were adopted by the players of Clown like Delpini and Grimaldi senior, until the whilom hero of pantomime was ousted from his pride of place, and Clown reigned in his stead. In the Drury Lane pantomime of 1800, called *Harlequin Amulet*, Byrne infused a little more vigour into Harlequin, and freshened the part up with new attitudes and leaps. He also altered the costume from a loose short coat and trousers to a white silk shape, fitting the whole body without a wrinkle, into which party-coloured patches were woven, and the whole profusely spangled—in short, Byrne made Harlequin as we know him now. The Grimaldi played Punch, carrying a heavy hump on his back, and another on his chest, and wearing a long-nosed mask, a high sugar-loaf hat, and heavy wooden shoes; and, if Sheridan had had his way, would have done so to the end, but the fatigue was too great, and the actor was glad to don Clown's dress in the sixth scene. The fact of the manager desiring him to be all Punch, shews that Clown was not the indispensable individual Joe Grimaldi was destined to make him.

Tom Dibdin, who had so low an opinion of his art as to declare it was aiming too high to attempt giving consistency to anything so ridiculous as a pantomime, still plumed himself upon having concocted thirty-three pantomimes, with only a solitary failure; and, considering how much success was beyond his control, he might well congratulate himself upon his good fortune. The best constructed piece of this sort depends upon strings, flaps, and traps; and if the machinery fails, the pantomime is bound to fail with it. 'I have known,' he says, 'all the strings of pantomimic machinery cut and destroyed in one night, the kettle-drum perforated, and all the cloth on the entrance-doors to every avenue hacked to pieces, through the trifling jealousies among machinists about precedence in making a trick.' Dibdin's greatest success was achieved when least expected. It was usual at Covent Garden, of which Dibdin was dramatic factotum, to begin preparing for Christmas six or seven months before, but the customary signs were wanting in 1806, and Tom was much discomfited, when Mr Harris knocked at his door just six weeks before holiday-time, and saluted him with: 'Well, Dibdin, we cannot do without a pantomime from you after all!' Dibdin expostulated in vain, and at last proposed to produce one he had by him. 'What!' exclaimed the manager, 'that cursed *Mother Goose*, you are so wedded to? Well, she has one recommendation, she has no finery about her;' and so it was settled. Now, the Covent Garden management had always been noted for sparing no expense in such matters, its liberality extending so far as to provide a good dinner at the Piazza Coffee-house on the first evening of the pantomime, and find a pint of wine apiece for the principal performers every night the pantomime was played. Now economy was the order of the day. Mr Harris, confident of failure, would risk no more than he could help. Grand scenery and gorgeous dresses were forbidden; and had it not been for Grimaldi's intervention, Harlequin must have capered in an unsplangled jacket. *Mother Goose* was produced on the 29th of December; Simmons playing the Old Dame; L. Bologna, Pantaloon; Bologna junior, Harlequin; Miss Searle, Columbine; while Grimaldi played Squire Bugle,

and of course Clown, it being his first appearance at Covent Garden Theatre. To the astonishment of all concerned, the pantomime succeeded; the people crowded the house night after night, each audience seeming more enthusiastic than its predecessor; and when, on the eighty-eighth night of performance, Bologna and Grimaldi took their benefit, the receipts only wanted two shillings to make up six hundred and eighty pounds. A run of ninety-two nights brought the season to an end. Next season, it was played again twenty-three times; and after the burning of Covent Garden, the company revived *Mother Goose* at the Haymarket, with the addition of a scene representing the ruins of the old house, which, at a touch of Harlequin's wand, was transformed into a splendid new theatre. More than twenty thousand pounds went into the treasury through the attraction of the despised pantomime, for which the author never received his usual cheering clap on the back from the manager, who profited so largely from the failure of his own prophecies.

As *Mother Goose* was the most successful pantomime of its time, it may be accepted as a type of the pantomime of the Grimaldian epoch; what it was like will best be shewn by relating its 'argument' or plot. Avaro, the miserly guardian of Colinette, breaks a promise he had given Colin to marry his ward, in favour of Squire Bugle, a rich widower of repulsive manners, and as disagreeable to Colinette as Colin is the reverse. The piece opens with preparations for the Squire's marriage with Colinette, which are interrupted by the remonstrances of Colin. During the hubbub this occasions, the Beadle and Parish Constable bring *Mother Goose* before Squire Bugle as a reputed witch, and beg for her immediate punishment. Bugle condemns her to the ducking-stool, a sentence opposed by Colin, who espouses the cause of the Old Dame, who, escaping from her persecutors, puts an end to the wedding festivities by raising the ghost of the Squire's first wife. Colin, however, cannot overcome Avaro's opposition, until *Mother Goose* presents him with her goose, famed for laying a golden egg every day, that he may offer it Avaro, in exchange for his ward. The miser accepts the bird with rapture, but refuses to give up the damsel unless Colin consents to cutting it open, that he may satisfy his avarice at one swoop. Much against his conscience, Colin agrees to the sacrifice; but *Mother Goose*, appearing in the nick of time, saves her pet, and condemns Colin, Avaro, and the Squire to wear the shapes of Harlequin, Pantaloon, and Clown, and wander about the world contending for Colinette (transformed into Columbine), until the golden eggs, which she has cast into the sea, shall be recovered by one of them. The transformation takes place in the fifth scene, and the pursuit of the heroine is carried through fourteen scenes, until the relenting enchantress takes pity, and unites the lovers in her Submarine Pavilion. Upon the first night of this famous pantomime, it was preceded by the tragedy of *George Barnwell*; and for thirty years after, it was the unvarying rule at Covent Garden Theatre to play that lugubrious piece upon Boxing Night, when, thanks to the uproariousness of the gods, the tragedy was as much a pantomime as the entertainment that followed it. Not but what the pantomime-lovers could be quiet enough upon occasion; indeed,

Dibdin awards the palm of good behaviour to them. "Tragedies, comedies, operas, and farces are doomed to suffer all the complicated combinations of "Pray, ask that gentleman to sit down." "Boxkeeper, where's my fourth row in the second circle?" "Take off your hat!" "Keep quiet in the lobby!" But in a pantomime, the moment the curtain goes up, if any unfortunate gentleman speaks a word, they make no reply, but throw him over directly!"

Mother Goose crossed the Atlantic; but pantomime did not hit the taste of the unaccustomed Yankees, and after four nights' trial, she was heard of no more. Gay, the Harlequin, wandered to the Far West, and is said to have become the chief of an Indian tribe, the redskins being fascinated by his spangled dress, which he had been compelled to adopt as his everyday costume, through the disappearance of the rest of his wardrobe. Dibdin's famous pantomime, it must be owned, never went off well without the original performers, and it doubtless owed its extraordinary success to its having the assistance of the best Clown ever seen. Acting and clowning have been dis-associated so long, that Grimaldi is almost beyond the comprehension of the present generation of playgoers. He was a great actor, who could extort tears in serious pantomime, and yet justify Kemble introducing him as the first low comedian in the country. Horace Smith wrote of him:

Our gallery gods immortalise thy songs,
Thy Newgate thefts impart ecstatic pleasure;
Thou biddst a Jew's-harp charm a Christian throng,
A Gothic salt-box teem with Attic treasure.
When Harlequin, his charmer to regain,
Courts her embrace in many a queer disguise,
The light of heels looks for his sword in vain—
Thy furtive fingers snatch the magic prize.

Theodore Hook styled him the Garrick of clowns; and Harley called him the Jupiter of practical joke, the Michael Angelo of buffoonery, who, if he was grim all day, was sure to make folks chuckle at night. Joe never attempted any dangerous feats, and never padded in his life; he was no jumper, but a living embodiment of quiet fun. 'His pantomime was such that you could fancy he would have been the Pulcinello of the Italians, the Arlequin of the French—that he could have returned a smart repartee upon Carlin. His motions, eccentric as they were, were evidently not a mere lesson from the gymnasium; there was a will, a mind overflowing with, nay, living upon fun, real fun. Nobody ever saw a practical joke of Grimaldi's miss fire. A common repeater of tricks might be out; but he who entered heart and soul into the mischief afloat, and enjoyed it as much as the youngest of his spectators, could never be at a loss. If he was, now and then, allowed to speak a word or two, they never came out as having been set down for him. Everybody thought they were the positive ebullitions of the wild frolic spirit which broke out of him.' He was a master of grimace; and whether he was robbing a pieman, opening an oyster, affecting the polite, riding a giant cart-horse, imitating a sweep, grasping a red-hot poker, devouring a pudding, picking a pocket, beating a watchman, sneezing, snuffing, courting, or nursing a child, he was so extravagantly natural, that the most saturnine looker-on acknowledged his sway; and neither

the wise, the proud, the fair, the young, nor the old were ashamed to laugh till tears coursed down their cheeks at Joe and his comicalities.

Grimaldi went through work that would break the heart of a modern Clown, playing right through a pantomime of twenty scenes, and that at two theatres every evening. He would have scorned to share the honours with another. Twice he was prevailed upon to do so, and on both occasions his coadjutor came to grief. During his temporary absence from town, a new Clown had appeared at Sadler's Wells, one who would leap from the flies on to the stage, and was great in the acrobatic line. A jumping Clown was a novelty then, and Bradbury proved a great success. When his engagement drew to an end, Grimaldi was persuaded to play in the pantomime with him on his benefit night, each playing three scenes alternately. Bradbury led off, and received great applause; then came Joe's turn, and being on his mettle, he did his part so gloriously, that when his rival appeared again, he was actually hissed off the stage. Undaunted by this result, Bradbury afterwards got Grimaldi to play with him for his benefit at the Surrey Theatre. Joe was received with uproarious delight; but the unlucky *beneficiarius* contrived directly he set foot on the boards to so offend the audience, that they would not suffer him to proceed with his performance.

Grimaldi usually sang two songs in the course of a pantomime; his famous *Hot Collins* being introduced to an appreciative world at Sadler's Wells, upon Easter Monday, April 12, 1819. Poor Joey seemed to communicate pantomimic properties even to his unprofessional belongings, and to have been haunted all his days by an invisible Harlequin. He picked up a thousand-pound note on Woolwich Common, for which he could find no owner; but, however lucky he might be in finding or in saving money, it always passed away from him in some extraordinary fashion. He made a good match only to lose his first love a few months after marriage; his long-lost brother suddenly claimed kindred, only to disappear mysteriously for ever immediately afterwards; his son, who might have stepped into his shoes, died a miserable death; and Grimaldi, one evening, taking a pantomimic leap into his father-in-law's parlour, found himself in a room full of dead bodies—the fruits of a fire-panic at Sadler's Wells. The great pantomimist worked too hard to last long, and was compelled to retire ere he reached his fiftieth year. He made his last appearance at Sadler's Wells on March 17, 1828; and on the 27th of June following, took his farewell of the public at Drury Lane. He had jumped his last jump, filched his last oyster, boiled his last sausage, to the regret of all lovers of honest mirth, not one of whom but would echo Hood's lines:

Thou didst not preach to make us wise;
Thou hadst no finger in our schooling;
Thou didst not lure us to the skies—
Thy simple, simple trade was fooling.
And yet, Heaven knows, we could—we can
Much better spare a better man!

While even those who never saw him, must feel that Charles Dickens wrote too truly: 'The genuine droll, the grimacing, filching, irresistible Clown, left the stage with Grimaldi, and though often heard of, has never since been seen.'

Now-a-days, the scene-painter exhausts his imagination and skill to produce a grand transformation scene; when people staid out a pantomime, his object was to challenge admiration for the best last scene of the season. In 1829, two artists were pitted together who were destined to win a more permanent fame than can be hoped for by theatrical painters; the Drury Lane pantomime concluding with a diorama by Stanfield, portraying Windsor and the neighbourhood, with a grand display of the Falls of Virginia Water, with thirty-nine tuns of real water; while at Covent Garden, Roberts exhibited a moving diorama of the Polar Expedition, representing the progress of the *Hecla* and the *Fury* in their endeavour to discover the North-west Passage. The victory remained with Stanfield, his rival's choice of a subject being an unfortunate one; for the major part of the audience, having just been exposed to the pitiless pelting of a snow-storm, or stumbling over huge blocks of ice encumbering the streets, would have been better pleased to have seen something warm and comfortable. The next Drury Lane pantomime owed its salvation to a Continental Diorama by Stanfield, which he painted in ten days, for the sum of three hundred pounds; and he continued to supply similar exhibitions for some years, until his success in a higher walk of art enabled him to retire from the theatrical arena.

In 1830, Peake introduced another innovation, by providing the Covent Garden pantomime of *Harlequin Pat and Harlequin Bat* with a speaking opening, in which Power appeared as 'Rhadamisthus O'Mullingar, squire to the king of Munster, afterwards Harlequin Pat.' About this time, Planché and Vestris brought forward a new candidate for the suffrages of the play-going world, and before long Extravaganza was all the rage. Pantomime began to be voted dull and stupid, its extinction seemed impending, and the critics sounded its knell, as it disappeared from one accustomed haunt after another. The sick man, however, rallied again; and by taking lessons from its elegant rival, Pantomime managed just to keep its head above water, although so altered that its old friends would scarcely have recognised it. Instead of Comic Pantomime, it became a sort of pantomimic extravaganza, divided into two distinct parts, played by two sets of performers, and having little or no connection with each other. Every year saw the further expansion of the opening, until it became what it is now, a curious compound of grotesque masques, ballet-dances, burlesque break-downs, and music-hall melodies. As the opening expanded, the harlequinade dwindled and dwindled, till it was comprised in three or four scenes, the business of which was no concern of the pantomime author, whose task ended with the transformation scene, which became the scene of the entertainment. The rest was left entirely to the wit of the pantomimists, who, being for the most part men of little originality and less humour, contented themselves with tumbling, horse-play, and dancing, and so brought the once all-attractive harlequinade to its present plight, when it may be safely said it attracts no one, and were it abolished altogether, it would be missed by none but the little masters and misses. Still, although only able to maintain its ground at two or three of the sixteen West-end theatres, pantomime is not quite dead. The East-enders of London still believe in it, and it is, by all accounts,

the only English performance that pays at the once great homes of the drama. But its glory has departed, and it will never know again its merry days of yore.

SNELGROVE'S MARRIAGE.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

ONE morning, Mr Snelgrove found at his office awaiting him a letter, urgently entreating him to proceed at once to Liverpool. It appeared that his uncle, Mr Joshua Snelgrove, the head of the House of Snelgrove, and the leading representative of the family's business in various parts of the globe, had been seized with paralysis, and was in a precarious state.

Such a summons it was of course very necessary to obey forthwith. Mr Snelgrove determined that he would at once pack his portmanteau, and journey to Liverpool by the mid-day train. If possible, he would have avoided first calling at his house in the Regent's Park; but he felt he could hardly present himself at his uncle's residence—for the Snelgroves lived after a stately fashion in the north, as became the dignity of their position in the mercantile world—without his dress clothes; and it so happened that those garments of his had been left at his villa residence. It was unfortunate, because he foresaw the probability, almost the certainty, of a 'scene' occurring with his wife on the subject of his departure—or generally in reference to the very bad terms now subsisting between them. However, there was no help for it. He hurried from the City in a cab. Entering his house, he saw nothing of his wife. He concluded, with some glee, that she was from home; he made no inquiry of the servant. He was bent upon availing himself of the opportunity to pack up his clothes and the few things necessary for his journey, and to retreat quietly. He proceeded to his dressing-room, and was busy with the straps of his portmanteau when she entered.

She wore a shawl huddled round her; seemed, indeed, to be in a feeble state of health. She had been strangely pale until she perceived her husband; then an angry feverish flush burned in her cheeks; her hands moved tremulously, and there was a quivering in her voice when she spoke. 'You here!' She spoke angrily, yet with hardly her wonted vehemence.

'I'm going away directly.'

'I thought I should have died in the night,' she said. 'I was obliged to send for Dr Joyce, I've been so bad. Much you'd have cared, though, if I had died.'

He might have seen that she looked wretchedly ill, but he hardly glanced at her. Indeed, it had come to this with him now, that he was quite heedless how she looked.

'Where are you going?' she demanded.

'Out of town.'

'Where to?'

'That's my business.'

'You mean to say you won't tell me?' She laid her hand upon his arm; he shook himself free, not violently, however.

'I mean to say it doesn't concern you. I wouldn't go if I could avoid it; but I can't. It's a matter of importance—but—it's nothing to you.'

'James!' There was something pitiful in her

tone; it was subdued, plaintive, and there were tears in her eyes for a moment.

If he had but seen them—if he had but looked towards her—listened to her! Surely he might have softened; some remnant of tenderness latent in his breast would have been quickened, and he might have thought of her again as he once had thought of her. But, no doubt, the gulf between them was now very wide—needed a very liberal measure of forgiveness to bridge over or close it. And his own misdeeds sundered them as well as hers. Besides, he was much occupied with his packing.

'You won't tell me where you're going?'

'Why should I? What is it to you? I shan't be absent more than a day or two, I daresay.'

'Am I not your wife, James?'

He was tempted at once to say 'No,' and apprise her of her real position; but it was manifest the time was ill suited for an explanation, or the discussion—the 'scene'—which would inevitably follow it. To escape as quickly as possible was then his prime object; so he did not answer her question.

She stood for a moment or two silent, irresolute; twisting her hands together as though she were in some sort wrestling with herself. She looked more pained than angry; yet there was an air of effort about her. 'And I may not go with you?' She said this rather pleadingly than reproachfully.

'You? No; certainly not,' he answered bluntly. He met her look just then, and started a little. He was surprised, perhaps, at the expression of her face—sorry, it might be, that he had replied to her with so little consideration for her feelings. Still, consideration as to each other's feelings had been at an end between them for some time now.

Again she seemed to be struggling with herself—to subdue the promptings of her temper—to repress words and acts that she knew it would be better not to utter or do. Again she laid her hand upon his arm.

'Pray, be quiet,' he said petulantly. 'I'm in a hurry. I'm going to Liverpool, if you must know, on business; but it's nothing to you. I've really no time to discuss the thing with you. I shall have finished in a minute, if you'll only leave me in peace. What is the use of going on like this, Eliza? No use at all; you know it isn't. For Heaven's sake, be quiet, and let me alone.'

If he thought, by naming Liverpool as his place of destination, to pacify her, he was mistaken. She didn't believe him, for one thing; for another, the concession was made too angrily and insultingly. His wrath, as it were, set hers aflame. She lost command of herself; her passion mastered her. She poured forth one of her old tirades: she denounced anew his cruelty, his treachery, his baseness. She forbade him to quit the house; declared that whither he went she would follow, though it was to the end of the world; and defied him to do his worst. She snatched from his hands the clothes he was packing, flung some of them about the room, and rent others in pieces before his eyes. She would teach him, she said, to ill-treat his wife. Finally, she sat down on the portmanteau, and dared him at his peril to lay hands upon her, and thrust her from it and displace her.

His face was white with rage and shame. Time pressed; it was useless, he saw, to continue the contest. He had now to think of escaping even

with the loss of his baggage. He quitted the house; she followed him, pausing but a few moments to make some additions to her dress. He drove in a cab to the Great Northern Railway; she chased him in another vehicle. He was delayed by a little crowd of travellers at the booking-office; he was just securing his ticket when he perceived her approaching him. He hurried on to the platform—dodged round the book-stall—made his way into one of the waiting-rooms. He had evaded her. From his hiding-place he caught a glimpse of her running in a wild disheveled state—quite like a mad woman, as it seemed to him—up and down beside the carriages; searching, inquiring, arresting guards, and porters, and policemen; questioning them, and, by dint of promises of reward, as it seemed, enlisting them in her service. He waited a moment, to assure himself that she was fully occupied, then stole from the station, and ran swiftly towards the New Road. Presently, he hailed a cab, and was driven to Euston Square. He proceeded to Liverpool by the London and North-western Railway.

He was too mortified to feel any triumph; indeed, it was not possible to derive satisfaction from the issue, however successful, of such a conflict. But he was now very determined to put an end to the situation out of which the conflict had arisen. It was quite clear that such a state of things could not be permitted to continue; he must act now, it was very certain. The truth must be told—his wife must be informed that she was not really his wife; and they must live apart for the future. He would deal generously with her: he was prepared to settle a handsome annuity upon her—she should want for nothing. She might, if she so chose, continue to occupy the Regent's Park Villa: only, thenceforward, they must not meet; their union was at an end for ever. That was certain. So he determined—travelling to Liverpool in the train.

Arrived, he found his journey vain in this respect: Mr Joshua Snelgrove had breathed his last at an early hour that morning. The head of the great House of Snelgrove was no more. He had died at an advanced age, and, it was understood, possessed of enormous wealth.

James Snelgrove was cordially received by his relatives in the north—the greetings interchanged being, of course, of a sombre and subdued kind, as became the occasion. Still, he was made really welcome after his journey, and much thanked for the promptness with which he had undertaken it, notwithstanding its futility. It was regarded as a compliment to the departed, albeit one he could not now, of course, appreciate. The Snelgroves of the north, although they carried on their business in the heart of Liverpool, yet lived on the Cheshire side of the Mersey, in a grand white house, surrounded by park-like grounds—quite what auctioneers call 'a gentleman's residence, replete with every comfort and luxury'—for they were people of unquestionable dignity and position.

Joshua Snelgrove had left many sons and daughters, and had provided abundantly for them all. James was struck with the good looks and graceful bearing of his cousins, the daughters of the House of Snelgrove; for the possession of unlimited wealth by a family for some generations does as much, perhaps, in the way of refining and cultivating it, especially in regard to its female

members, as noble lineage and blue blood. A century of wealth may be backed against much ancestry in this regard, particularly if the last representative of a noble stock is left unfortified by fortune. There is virtue, no doubt, in the cry of '*noblesse oblige*,' but money can provide the influences which render life refined by surrounding it with delicacies, and shielding it from contact with the gross and the humiliating; whereas the burden of poverty must ultimately constrain the noblest-born of shoulders to stoop, and the fight for life leave its scars upon, and coarsen as with campaign hardships, the manners of the most eminently descended.

James Snelgrove contrasted mentally the method of life of his northern relatives with the economy of his own existence in London. He thought with a shudder of the scene he had gone through in the morning—of the so-called wife he had with such difficulty escaped from. What if his elegant cousins were to learn of his exploits in that respect! How little they really knew him! How they would change towards him if the story of his marriage were revealed to them! how they would, and with what justice, despise him! The lies he had told to explain his want of luggage! He had said that in his hurry his portmanteau had been left behind at Euston Square, or, by some mistake, removed from the train at Crewe Junction. How ashamed they would feel of him! How could he ever have looked to their recognising Eliza Hobbs, and admitting her to the family circle! He must have been mad—stark mad—when he ventured upon that preposterous angling expedition to Barbel-le-Minnows, and married the barmaid of the *Jolly Anglers*.

Thus thinking, before the post went out, he wrote to Mrs Snelgrove. He informed her briefly, yet clearly, and not unkindly, as he thought—apart from the main unkindness of writing at all—of the flaw which had annulled their union. He concluded with a promise that although on this account, and by reason of their habitual disagreement, they must certainly live apart for the future, still he would take care that everything reasonable should be done for her comfort and welfare, &c.

He couldn't sleep that night—not merely because he was occupying a strange bed; but his mind was in a cruelly disturbed condition. He tried, over and over again, to persuade himself that he had only done what every other sensible man would do under like conditions; still he felt—remorse.

He couldn't but think of what his feelings had once been for Eliza Hobbs; surely he had loved her—surely for a term they had been happy together. No doubt their marriage was a mistake, and had brought much misery upon them both. But was *she* only to blame? Was *she* to bear the whole burden of shame and suffering that must ensue from their separation? Was it fair? Was it honest? Was his conduct worthy of him? Might he not have shewn towards her more forbearance and consideration? Had he not widened the breach—encouraged the difference between them—infuriated her—and aggravated her in many ways?

Of what could he accuse her? According to her lights, she had striven to be a good wife to him, and to make his home happy and comfortable. Was she in fault that her views in this respect were those of the station from which he had taken her? Well, there was her temper, no doubt. But

was it not his doing that he failed to ascertain the nature of her temper before he had asked her to become his wife?

As he pondered and questioned himself, he felt more tenderly towards her. Something of his old love for her stirred again in his heart. After all, what were his cousins of the north, and the elegance and state in which they lived, to him, James Snelgrove, of Fenchurch Street? He saw them but rarely, at long intervals. Why should they and their prepossessions and views come between him and the woman who was in the sight of Heaven, if not precisely by the laws of his country, his wife, and withhold him from doing his duty as an honest man?

Finally, it seemed to him that he would willingly have surrendered all he possessed if he could but have recalled the letter then being whirled Londonwards by the mail-train from the north.

He slept at last, worn out with fatigue. It was late when he rose.

He found upon the breakfast-table a telegram, in the official envelope of the Electric Telegraph Company. The Snelgroves were business people, accustomed to such communications: they were not surprised that a telegraphic message should have arrived for James Snelgrove; they concluded it had reference to affairs in Fenchurch Street.

It had been forwarded across the Mersey from the office of the Snelgroves in Liverpool.

It was sent to James Snelgrove from George Joyce, M.R.C.S., in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park villa, and was briefly worded: 'Come back. Wife very ill. Dead child born this morning. Little hope of recovery.'

From the time stated upon the telegram, it was clear that the message had been despatched some hours before Mr Snelgrove's letter to his wife, posted overnight, could possibly have been received by her.

It was deemed by his cousins nothing extraordinary that James Snelgrove should desire to return forthwith to London. They had been long schooled to think that business *was* business, and must be attended to. Besides, his presence now was needless, until the funeral, six days later. He promised to return in time to take part in the obsequies of the late Joshua Snelgrove.

At the door of his house, James Snelgrove encountered Mr Joyce the medical practitioner; his looks were grave, and he shook his head solemnly.

'I wish you'd been at hand,' he said. 'Not that you could have been of any use: everything possible has been done for our poor patient. Still, it's always a satisfaction to parties afterwards to think that they were at hand.'

'She's'—and Mr Snelgrove stopped.

'Gradually sinking, I'm grieved to say, not a doubt of it—and delirious. I've been up with her all night. I'm only going home now for a few minutes, just to shift my clothes; I shall be back directly. Quite a hopeless case, I fear.'

'And—the letter I wrote last night?' This was breathlessly asked.

'I didn't hear of any letter,' the doctor said indifferently. 'But I'll be with you again in a few minutes.'

Mr Snelgrove entered his house. He found the servant crying.

'She's asleep just now, poor thing—worn out, quite.'

Had any letter come? he asked.

She didn't know—she wasn't sure. Stay; she thought one had come. If so, it had been carried up-stairs into her mistress's room, as usual.

Had she received it? had she read it? he asked himself. Why, it would kill her outright in her present state! How bitterly he repented having written it!

'How is she now, Mary?' Yet he could hardly force himself to attend to the servant's reply, he felt so giddy and bewildered.

'She ain't spoken a sensible word since she came home yesterday morning, and went off in a dead-faint. She was light-headed after that. I went for Dr Joyce, for I saw what was going to happen. She was quite raving most part of the night, poor soul. And to think that the dear little child—a boy, it was, sir, born just on the stroke of three this morning—to think that it should never have drawn breath! It's enough to break any one's heart. And she'd so set her heart upon its being a boy!'

He went up-stairs, trembling in all his limbs. He found his wife terribly changed, with a deathly look upon her face, asleep, breathing slowly and faintly, as though the task of life were almost beyond her strength. Was this pale shadow of a woman his Eliza, from whom he had escaped under such painful circumstances but a few hours before? He should not have known her! That a little time should have made so great a difference!

In an agony of alarm, he glanced round the room, examined the top of the drawers, the dressing-table, the mantel-piece—he could see no letter.

Then he sat down beside her bed, to await her waking, or the return of the doctor. Heaven! how slowly the minutes seemed to pass. Did ever man feel so wretched as he felt then? He sat leaning forward, hiding his face in his hands, utterly miserable.

Presently he started; she had moved, was awake, looking at him with strangely frightened troubled eyes. Then a curious smile of tender recognition quivered upon her gray parched lips.

No word was spoken. He was bending over her. She raised herself partially, with his aid, and rested her head upon his shoulder, then buried her face in his breast. Once more there was love, and love only, between man and wife.

She was sensible again, and knew him. He took her hand in his, shivering as he did so, for he heard the crackling of paper, and perceived presently that she held the letter he had despatched from Liverpool the night before.

'Thank God!' he murmured. The seal of the letter was unbroken. Amid all the agony of the moment, he was nearly fainting with joy at this discovery.

'It's all over!' the doctor said solemnly, when he entered the room a little later.

She had died in her husband's arms, loved and forgiven, forgiving and loving him; knowing nothing of his cruelty—of the accident which had made him, in truth, *not* her husband, according to the strict letter of the law.

What cause he had to be thankful that, at any rate, remorse on *that* score was spared him! His sorrow, his penitence, was extreme and genuine. He began to feel now that the poor dead woman—

with all her faults, and it has been fully shewn that she had many—was yet dear to him. He began to feel that he would give much—very much—if she could but live again; if the events of the last few weeks, described in these pages, had never really been. For a time, it seemed to him as if his happiness, and his every hope of happiness, had gone from him, absolutely, for ever. He might have sung with the poet, but that he knew nothing of the lines:

And I think in the lives of most women and men,
There's a moment when all would go smooth
and even,

If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven.

He still lives; still prosperous and busy, but sobered, saddened, and improved by this grave episode in his career.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A LATE feat of electro-telegraphy achieved for the *Times* is worth mention, though we remark on it somewhat after date. The United States Congress met at Washington on Monday, December 6. In the evening of that day, the *Times* correspondent at Philadelphia, having made a summary of the Message, sent it through the telegraph; and at the usual hour the next morning it appeared—two columns and a third—in the *Times*. This is an instance in which science has aided enterprise to good purpose, and they may congratulate each other on the result. Those who take the pains to consider the combination of circumstances required to print this 'cablegram,' as the Americans call it, four thousand miles from the place of its delivery within twenty-four hours, can hardly fail to be filled with admiration.

The United States were afflicted last summer with drought, and water became scarce in many places, as in this country in the previous summer. In this emergency, a spring was discovered in digging for the foundations of a foundry; the proprietors at once fixed an injector upon the spring, and, though their boilers were more than two hundred and fifty feet distant, they were kept supplied with water by this contrivance.—Some of the editors in the States are finding out that by the spread of railways across the prairies the climate of those dry and treeless regions is being modified, and that rain now falls frequently along all the lines. The same phenomenon, it is said, has been observed in Central Ohio; and in New England, the violence of thunder-storms has been remarkably diminished since the railways were laid. If a few careful meteorologists would make observations with a view to test the accuracy of these statements, they would do good service for science.

All who are occupied with mechanical operations know that the slipping of driving-belts on machinery in motion is a serious inconvenience and loss of power. A German periodical states that the slipping may be completely prevented by a mechanical contrivance which consists in covering the working-surface of the pulleys with leather. The friction of leather on leather is five times greater than that of leather on iron; moreover, leather can be easily kept in a rough condi-

tion; and where pulleys are of small diameter, or are required to run at very high velocity, the advantage of roughness will be obvious. Another advantage is, that the belt does not become brittle, as when it is always running in contact with iron. The covering of the pulleys is not difficult. Steep the leather in an infusion of gall-nuts; warm the pulley, coat it with hot glue; press the leather tightly on, the fleshy side inwards, and leave it to dry under pressure. While this improvement is in progress, Messrs Crane, Brothers, of Westfield, Massachusetts, have invented paper belts, which are described as preferable to those of any other material. The paper is made from pure linen rags, in widths not less than five inches, and of any required thickness or length, perfectly uniform throughout. We are informed that 'it hugs the surface of the pulleys closely; generates no electricity while running; is sufficiently flexible to pass over six-inch pulleys without cracking; is not injured by heat, dust, oil, or moisture in ordinary service, and is forty per cent. cheaper than leather.' To these useful particulars we add a surprising fact: The main driving-belt of the largest grain-elevator at Chicago, made of india-rubber, is four feet wide, three hundred and twenty feet long, and weighs three thousand six hundred pounds. Is there such another driving-belt in the world?—A summary method has been employed to save labour in excavation. A large opening was to be dug for a tank in ground where there was an old empty well. The well was charged with gas from a pipe: a trigger-match was fired; an explosion took place, which loosened the ground and eased the work of the diggers.—A durable cement for iron or stone has been tried in Saxony with success: it is composed of pure oxide of lead, litharge, and concentrated glycerine. Thus prepared, it hardens rapidly, resists ordinary acids, and holds stone to stone and iron to iron with great tenacity.

By this time most readers know that the great basin of the Bitter Lakes on the line of the Suez Canal has been converted into an inland sea, more than one hundred square miles in extent. The hollow of Lake Timsah has also been filled. Will these changes bring about any change in the climate of the Isthmus? is a question which meteorologists are now asking. Changes have been produced by contrary operations. Mr Buys-Ballot, Director of the Royal Netherlands Meteorological Institute at Utrecht, states that since the Haarlemmer Meer, or great lake of Haarlem, was pumped dry, the average summer temperature of the district has increased by a half degree centigrade, and the average winter temperature decreased by the same amount.

The progress of telegraphy in Australia is shewn by there being in the colony of New South Wales alone five thousand five hundred miles of telegraph in actual work, and five hundred more in course of construction. The spirit of enterprise must be keen to do so much in a country so thinly populated.—And there is another sign of advancement especially worthy of notice: a Free Library, with fifteen thousand volumes, has been established in Sydney by the government, and a grant of twenty-five thousand pounds has been voted towards its increase and maintenance. It is to be placed in the large building now in course of erection for a museum, and for purposes of literature, art, and

science, in which there will be room for a hundred and sixty thousand books and a thousand readers. It is very gratifying to see that colonists can care for other than material things, and that under a democratic government attention can be given to those subjects which are essential to national greatness. Even in remote country villages in New South Wales there is a School of Art, or a Mutual Improvement Society.

Readers of this *Journal* will be aware that the spectroscope, though a recent invention, has become of great importance in astronomical observation. There are many questions in astronomy of which the solution appeared impossible until the spectroscope came. There are stars known as variable stars: In what does their variableness consist? What is the nature of the colours of stars? And what is the constitution of the stars themselves: are they universally the same as our sun; do they combine therewith a gaseous system; and are any of them in a state of transition? Then there is much that we want to know about the nebulae, and we may expect that the spectroscope in competent hands will throw light on all these questions; for has it not enabled us to discover something of the constitution of the sun? These and other considerations have led the Royal Society to a scientific enterprise which can hardly fail to be attended with good results. They are having constructed a large telescope which can be used as a reflector or a refractor; and this noble instrument, which will cost about two thousand pounds, they purpose to lend to good observers who will use it properly, in such observations as are above referred to. The lens for the refractor will be fifteen inches diameter, and fifteen feet focus; and as it is to be used in connection with a spectroscope, interesting discoveries may be expected. The reflector will have a diameter of eighteen inches, and will be used in a class of observations for which the other is not so well adapted. The Royal Society are so much in earnest in this undertaking that we trust their telescope will be the means for years to come of making grand discoveries among the stars.

Eighteen years ago, the Society of Arts awarded a medal to Mr J. Rogers for the best shilling box of colours. Since that time, as stated in the *Society's Journal*, more than seven million boxes of the colours have been sold!

I SAT IN THE SHADOW.

I SAT in the shadow all the day
Thinking, the night will come down so soon,
'Tis better to meet it thus half-way,
Than feel the change from the glowing noon
To the dearth and dark, or chilly gray
At best, scarce lit by a waning moon.

I sat in the shadow all the day,
And turned my face away from the sun.
The lads and lasses were making hay,
Crowned with May blossoms every one;
The very work seemed a kind of play;
Children were laughing loud at the fun.

Down sank the sun in the far sea's foam;
Shivering I shrank from the twilight gray.
The lads were helping the lasses home,
Each his own chosen Queen of the May,
With songs of cheer through the gathering gloam;
'Art cold or frightened?' I heard one say.

Her heart gleamed out in her answer: 'Nay,
Love, thy hand holdeth me safe and warm.'
Babbling in dreams of their holiday,
And fast asleep on their fathers' arm,
The tired out children in quiet lay,
Seeing no darkness, fearing no harm.

I sat in the shadow all the day.
Saved I thus aught of loss or disgrace?
One of the lasses was called away
Home to her glorious resting-place,
Ere ever a dark cloud o'er her lay,
Or shaded the sun smile on her face.

One of the lads wears the garland gay
Of flowers she shook from her golden hair
Crossing the stile there over the way.
He holds it gently with loving care,
Hoping to meet her again next day,
And shew it to her all fresh and fair.

I chose the shadow all through the day.
Perforce I suffer the dreary night,
Without one charm to soften its sway,
Or warmth of love, or memory bright;
Or flower whose fragrance still doth stay,
Though the leaves look dull or dead outright.

The lads and lasses are near me still;
They shew through the shadow gray and grim,
Are feeling the dearth and damp and chill;
But their hearts are warm, their eyes not dim:
Now, on the darkest side of the hill,
I hear them singing their evening hymn:

'Praise God! thank God! He gave us the day;
We do not doubt Him, though dark the night;
He gives us more than He takes away—
Soon another morn will bless our sight.
This sunlit day, though it could not stay,
Has formed our dreams of the coming light!'

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